

# W. C. T. U. Department.

## Domestic Kindergarten Work.

The domestic kindergarten classes, conducted by the Central "Y's," gave a very pleasing exhibition of their attainments in this science last Saturday afternoon in the Pavilion. The classes, which are composed of 40 or more children, are held weekly in the Protestant Orphans' Home, Sackville Street Mission Hall and Y. W. C. A. rooms. The teachers, Misses Faircloth, Johnston and McConnell have every reason to feel highly gratified at the result of their labors in this work, and their scholars will, no doubt in many cases, remember the cheering words and kindly councils which accompanied the lessons. The exhibition was opened by the children chanting "The Lord's Prayer," the rest of the programme being such exercises as breakfast table setting, washing clothes, bedmaking, etc. The tub march and the broom march were remarkably pretty sights and quite charmed the entire audience. The youthful pupils gave ample proof of their proficiency in every department and seemed to enjoy their work thoroughly. Another item on the programme worthy of mention was that of dinner table setting. This was done by a class taught in the Fred Victor Mission. The girls, six in number, were all handy little maidens, and certainly reflected great credit on their teachers. These lessons cannot fail to work a radical change in many of the homes represented in the Pavilion last week. True, the changes wrought may be slow of growth, but they will be none the less sure. This is an age of science, and surely there is nothing more conducive to health than well regulated home life. With well-ventilated houses, proper clothing and thoroughly wholesome food, correctly prepared, many of the ills that afflict our sometimes rather improvident neighbors, would take to themselves wings and fly away.

We trust that before very long every superintendant of "Y" work will see to it that domestic kindergarten classes are taught where a sufficient number of workers can be found. The children are, as a general rule, willing and ready to learn, and in many instances acquire the correct way in a very short time. The proceedings were slightly varied by the presentation by Mrs. Ruthford of five certificates of merit to a like number of members of the School of Domestic Science in connection with the Y. W. C. A. At the close of the entertainment there was a distribution of cake and fruit, which was well received by the children.

W. M. WILLS, Press Superintendent Central "Y's."

Beside Thy Cross I hang on my cross in shame,  
My wounds, weakness, extremity cry to Thee;

Bid me also to Paradise, also me  
For the glory of Thy Name.

—Christina Rossetti.

## From the Field.

The Waterloo County Union held its annual meeting in Galt, Thursday and Friday, the 13th and 14th of this month. There were about 80 delegates present, and the gathering was a most successful one. By vote of the convention it was decided to alter the date of meeting to some time in the early part of September, and so bring their convention, and consequently the reports of their workers, into line with that of the Provincial. As some of the delegates feared that such a change would lessen the attendance, it was concluded wisely to simply try it for one year, and take a vote, as to a permanent date, at the meeting now placed for Sept. 1896.

The collections more than met all expenses.

Many timely resolutions were adopted; among them we might note one urging our women to take advantage of the new bill, just passed in the interests of the clerks in mercantile houses.

A most interesting discussion upon the use of root beer took place. It proved beyond a doubt the grave need for the dissemination of the kind of information given in our columns last week. Our own workers have, in many cases, been trapped by this new trick of our wily foe. One lady confessed to having been in the habit of keeping her family and friends constantly supplied with the drink, and could hardly be prevailed upon to believe that any concoction she brewed herself could contain alcohol, when she had not put any in!

Let every union see to it that its membership is educated on this point at least, viz.—that sugar, water and yeast put together, and permitted to ferment, will produce alcohol.

It was my pleasure to take part in the proceedings of the gathering, and to hear some excellent papers and talks given at the School of Methods on the afternoon of the 14th.

The removal from the county to the city of Brantford of Mrs. G. A. Chrysler, county superintendent of juvenile work, will be a great loss to our Waterloo friends.

## Misrepresentations.

Never before was the devil so busy in spreading lying reports affecting the characters and actions of prominent temperance workers. Let us hope that the words of Revelations may be finding a limited fulfillment in this outbreak of bitter hate and malice. "The devil has come down unto you, having great wrath because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

One story going the rounds is that Miss Willard has compromised her position as a Christian by endorsing, and assisting in the bringing out, of a "Woman's Bible," to be edited by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a lady whose orthodoxy is a good deal more than doubtful.

Even that usually careful journal, Truth, edited by Dr. Brooks, of St. Louis, has this uncalled for reiteration of the falsehood:

### "NEW WOMAN'S NEW BIBLE."

"The secular journals frequently notice a revised edition of the Bible now in the course of preparation by about thirty women. At the head is Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, long ago reported as a pronounced unbeliever, Miss Frances Willard, two or three Unitarian and Universalist women preachers, and Mrs. Robt. Ingersoll, who will probably consult her husband about the best way of improving the Bible. It seems to be their purpose to eliminate from the Scriptures all that teaches the subordination of woman, and to free her from the galling yoke of tyrant man."

Of these mis-statements the Union Signal, of Chicago, the National and International organ of the W. C. T. U., says:

"Will you please inform me if the W. C. T. U. is in any way connected with the so-called new 'Woman's Bible'?" This query, in one form and another, has come to us several times, hence we take the privilege to answer this correspondent through our columns. No, the W. C. T. U. has nothing whatever to do with the "Woman's Bible." To the best of our information there is to be no such a Bible. We have heard from authentic sources that there is to be a "Woman's Commentary on the Bible," which is quite another matter. But even with this commentary the W. C. T. U. has nothing to do. It is, we understand, to be issued under the superintendency of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is not a member of the W. C. T. U. Miss Willard was requested, we believe, to write upon certain passages in the Scriptures relating to women, and consented, provided there would be a sufficient number of evangelical Christian women on the commentary committee to make the work an orthodox one. We have not heard directly from her since the press began agitating this question about two weeks ago, but we have been told by one who knows that Miss Willard had nothing to do with it and probably will not have. At any rate, no one need feel any uneasiness about her position on this or any other evangelical question, for there isn't a sounder orthodox Christian living than Frances E. Willard.

Another canard that has taken the wings of the wind, apparently, and is causing much excitement amongst those not usually exercised over the sanctity of the Lord's Day, is that Miss Willard had contributed an article to be inserted in certain Sunday newspapers.

The real facts are as follows: Our world's president wrote a bright, spicy account of her bicycle experiences, entitled "How I Learned to Ride a Bicycle." This was purchased by a newspaper agent, and by him sent out to a large syndicate of papers. Certain of these had Sunday editions, and as they are in the habit of saving their most readable and entertaining articles for their seventh day readers, they reserved Miss Willard's for this issue. Of course it is needless to say that this was without Miss Willard's knowledge or consent; and in exact opposition to her views as so frequently expressed.

Let us, as White Ribboners, have faith in those whom God has given us for leaders, and let us refuse to credit evil reports, originated by the father of lies, and kept afloat by his friends and our enemies.

MAY R. THORNLEY.

## Notes and Incidents.

Woman suffrage has made a point in Maine. The right of women to vote in parish meetings of the Episcopal Church in that State was granted at the Diocesan Convention, held in Portland last Thursday, by a vote of 16 to 14. The right to hold office in the Church is still withheld.

The Western Christian Advocate says: "The Hawaiian race is dying out rapidly. The missionaries have done much to elevate the natives; but intoxicating drinks and the accompanying vices bid fair to exterminate the race. The saloons have more power to destroy than the churches have to save."

Lady Henry Somerset has arranged to start an inebriate institute in London. This is one of the numerous methods of promoting temperance in that great metropolis that have grown out of the conferences she and Miss Willard have held in London. The

inebriate institute will be in charge of Dr. Mark Thompson, of Chicago.

The Methodist Church in Colorado voted last week to admit women as lay members of the General Conference in future. There was a long and animated discussion over the proposal, but when it came to a vote the ballot was 60 in favor of admitting women and none against, but fifteen members refrained from voting.

A Toronto saloon keeper is reported as saying that the introduction of electric cars in that city has greatly diminished the sales in saloons, as workmen who previously walked home in companies of from five to twenty, and stopped at the saloons on the way for a social drink, now ride home, and once there spend the evenings with their families.

The recent Presbyterian General Assembly at Pittsburgh put itself more strongly on record on the subject of temperance than ever before. Resolutions were passed in favor of prohibition, of the use of unfettered wine at the communion table, and of a local option bill now pending in Pennsylvania. All this shows progress in the right direction, and is highly gratifying as far as it goes.

Dr. Norman Kerr says: "A few years ago I instituted an inquiry to expose the falsity of the statement that 60,000 drunkards died every year in the United Kingdom. I had not long pursued my inquiry before it was made clear to me that there was very little exaggeration in the statement, and at the Social Science Congress I was compelled to admit that at least 120,000 annually lost their lives through alcoholic excess."

The Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Society of the Pittsburgh diocese is vigorously pushing its good work. Its annual convention was held recently in Irwin, and was attended by three hundred delegates. Among its resolutions was the following clear utterance on the saloon business: "It is recommended that in order to create a sound public opinion against the evil, the Board of Goliath join forces with other temperance organizations in the holding of public demonstrations for the commonweal. Again does this union urge Catholic liquor dealers who are bringing so much odium to the Church and ruin to souls, to heed the words of the third plenary council of Baltimore, and seek a more becoming way of making a living. Recognizing the inconsistency of declaring against Catholic laymen in the liquor business while passing over in silence the existence in this diocese of the unholy traffic, the union deprecates the continuance of this example, and hopes for its speedy suppression."

## Two Unambitious Stories.

(By J. B. Wasson.)

"Talking of ambition," said the parson, though no one had been doing so, "I remember a big, indolent Lancashire man I had in my first parish. His stupid contentment and utter lack of ambition was simply maddening to me. He puzzled, fascinated, and annoyed me. I frequently tried, but in vain, to arouse the sleeping soul that I fancied must be hidden somewhere in his great, overgrown body. 'Tom,' I said to him one day, 'don't you want to get on in this world?' 'No, parson, I am content to stay as God made me.' 'But,' I continued, 'look at the Americans around you, how they are all pushing ahead and making something of themselves.' 'Bigger fules they,' retorted Tom, with as much animation as he ever permitted himself. 'They're allus a-wrigglin' an' a-squirmin' an' a-frettin', till quiet volks can't have no rest, 'cept in the graveyard. I don't go with no such doin's.' Tom's negatives were a trifle uncertain, but his meaning was perfectly plain. 'But,' I persisted, 'have you not some object in life, something you want very much?' 'Ees,' he replied, with an exhibition of interest that was almost human. 'Oh, I am delighted to hear it, I said. 'Won't you please tell me what it is you want so much?' 'An easy job of work, an' a moog of yale atween times,' was his answer. And from that time I quit trying to make Tom a hustler."

"Very good, parson," said the Briton, "though I might pick some flaws in your report of the Lancashire dialect. Now let me tell a story of an unambitious American. A few years ago, while dawdling through the South, I came across a poor white, a cracker I think you call him. He was sitting in the hot sun in front of his cabin; and a more woebegone, unkempt, and tattered specimen of humanity it would be hard to find anywhere. He was, of course, engaged in no labor, unless you can call chewing tobacco a labor; but, if so, it was plainly a labor of love with him. As the man was in abject poverty, I was not surprised to see that there were about half a dozen gaunt and hungry-looking dogs on the premises. A missionary down there told me that when he visited a family too poor to buy a Bible he was always afraid of being bitten by the numerous dogs owned by the family.

"I tried to engage Si Bobbineezer—that was his name—in conversation, but with poor success. He was too tired of doing nothing to say much. 'Why don't you move in the shade out of the hot sun?' I said to him, after a few moments. 'Cos I'm a-waitin' fer the shadder ter git ter me,' he replied. And then, looking up lazily at the sun, he added, 'Reckin' it'll git here in

'bout an hour.' 'Your place seems to be kind of run down,' I then remarked. 'Reckin' 'tis,' he replied, placidly. 'Couldn't you make it look better?' I asked. 'Could, but don't want ter,' he answered. 'Don't you ever do any work,' I continued. 'Yes, every other day,' was the answer. 'Why, what is it that employs you only every other day?' I asked in surprise. 'Ager-shakes,' he replied. 'But how do you live without working?' 'The old woman does the work,' was the tranquil reply. 'She likes it a powerful sight.'

"Just then the 'old woman' appeared—a poor, spiritless, and prematurely aged looking creature. Four or five of the children were playing on the banks of a small river that flowed near the house, and to them she called out something like this: 'Hi, thar, you uns! come over to we uns, the hull bilin' of you. Fust thing you know, you'll all be drowned dald in th' drink; and we uns is too pore to afford any funerals just now. Down, Tigie; quit yer foolin'. Bet,' she continued, addressing the dogs, while at the same time she sat down to indulge in her own luxury—snuff-dipping. 'Stranger,' she said addressing me, as she worked the wooden brush, 'I reckon you uns thinks days is ornery cusses. But we uns allows they'm a great comfort to pore folks.'

"The whole picture was quaintly funny, but even more tragically sad. 'My friend,' I said, addressing Si, 'is there nothing in which you take an interest?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'the shakes. I have them so powerful bad, I can't seem to think of nothin' else. Say, stranger,' he continued, 'have you got any terbacker 'bout yer closses?'

"At this point I left, and I presume Si Bobbineezer is still sitting there in front of his wretched little cabin, stupidly speculating over the next attack of the shakes, and finding the quinquessence of all earthly bliss in a chew of tobacco. Some day the shadow of death will creep upon him, and poor, ignorant, mindless Si Bobbineezer will be buried—I don't say he will die, for he has never really lived. Now then, parson, aren't there some Americans also who are without ambition?"

"Certainly," replied the parson. "But, after all, your Si Bobbineezer came of undiluted English stock. And, besides, one might pick some flaws in your report of the cracker dialect.—[The Outlook.]

## The Cocaine Habit

Fearful Results that Come from an Indulgence in the Drug.

(Albert N. Doerschuk, Ph.D., in the Bulletin of Pharmacy (U. S.))

The cocaine habit is a comparatively new addition to the evils by which humanity is beset, and it promises to excel even morphinism in the insidiousness of its growth, in blasting destructiveness, and in the number of its victims. Under the influence of cocaine the subject seems to enjoy a renewal of youth. Capacity for labor is augmented, and the need of sleep much diminished. The occasional use of cocaine leaves a highly illusive impression on the unprofessional mind, producing pleasant sensations, inspiring courage and causing a general feeling of exuberant vitality, with apparently no unpleasant after effects; but while the immediate action of cocaine is more animating and agreeable than that of morphine, it is not near so enduring, and the bitter sequelae are manifested earlier and in a form far more disastrous than in morphine intoxication. Cocaine habits are utterly unreliable and disregard all personal appearance, going about unkempt, bedraggled, and forlorn. While under the influence of the drug they feel equal to any task, forget the past, cherish hopes for the future, are happy in and oblivious to their sad condition. Without it they are nervous, maniacal, morose, and even dangerous. The cocaine habit is a swift road to destruction, and leaves in its wake a blight most terrible to behold.

In some way the erroneous notion has come to prevail that, in treating the morphia habit, cocaine is of great value, counteracting the effects of the morphia. Proceeding on this principle, numberless quacks have claimed ability to cure the morphia habit. The unfortunates whom they have succeeded in deluding are perhaps cured of the morphia habit, but in its stead they become cursed with a vice far more ruinous than all their former ills. Cocaine may counteract the effects of morphia, but when the action of the cocaine is exhausted the system demands greatly increased quantities of morphia, and this in turn produces a desire for more and more cocaine. Another class of victims comprises those to whom cocaine has been administered in minor surgical operations, and who, remembering its exhilarating effects, subsequently obtain and use the drug to their ruin. The cocaine habit is apparently incurable, unless the subject possesses a powerful will and renounces the use of the drug ere its vicious effects are manifested. After the habit is once acquired, the system craves the drug very much as the body craves food. When this drug hunger is not gratified the habitue suffers all the consequences of natural starvation, until his system recovers its normal condition. With overwork or any mental strain the craving for the drug returns, and is repelled only with the utmost difficulty. Each dose cre-

ates a demand for a larger dose the next time, and a point is seldom reached where a constant quantity produces uniform results.

A single instance will illustrate the terrible possibilities of this drug. A prosperous young lawyer, being very much overworked and in great demand, sought renewal of his exhausted energies in cocaine. For a long time this served him remarkably well, stimulating his energies and producing an appearance of renewed vitality. Presently his system failed to respond to the usual quantities of the drug; then began a gradual increase in the dose, with simultaneous reduction in the effect. Finally, the drug seemed to lose all potency, and the subject was completely prostrated. Under skillful treatment he recovered after a time and appeared to be restored, but with returning labor and anxiety came the old craving and morbid desire for stimulus. This he resisted with all his energy, but to no avail. An extreme hunger prevailed in his system, and he could have no peace until this was satisfied. Notwithstanding his former experience, one night he stole from his home and satisfied his longing with cocaine. Pleasant thoughts and blissful dreams were the result. And thus he sustained himself from day to day. By stealth his wife obtained some of the drug, and finding exhilaration in its use, continued to administer it to herself, guarding her secret from her husband. Today one is a raving maniac and the other is behind the bars, clamorous for cocaine.

## Down to Death.

A Volcano Eruption Which Swallowed Up a City of 60,000 Inhabitants.

One of the most remarkable articles in the Cosmopolitan Magazine for April is the illustrated description of the eruption of the great volcano of Krakatoa, described for the first time by an eye witness. Mr. Jean Van Gestel, the author of the paper, was one of the persons sent off by the Dutch Government to take scientific observations.

### THE VOLCANO IN ERUPTION.

They saw an immense column of fire, and what appeared to be smoke, at a distance of 50 miles off. From time to time immense fragments of incandescent stone were hurled up from the crater three or four hundred feet into the air, when they burst with a loud explosion. When they were three-quarters of a mile from the shore, they discovered that what they supposed to be a river was a torrent of molten sulphur. They landed on the island, and endeavored to climb towards the crater. At the distance of half a mile their skin roasted and cracked. For the first 300 feet from the edge of the crater, the ascending column was one uniform white-hot mass of clear flame of dazzling brightness. This column of flame was about one and a half miles in diameter. As he turned back to the ship, he saw the bottom of the footprints that he had made in coming, aglow with fire from beneath. The steamer then returned. This was in May, and the eruption continued night and day until Aug. 12. HOW THE CITY OF ANJER PERISHED.

By that time every one had got used to it, and no one even talked about it any more. On Aug. 12, Mr. Van Gestel, looking out from his valley a mile up the mountain slope, behind the city of Anjer, 30 miles from Krakatoa, was much impressed by the beauty of the scene. He was smoking a cigar, taking his morning cup of coffee. The birds were singing and the fishermen's boats were lying in the bay at anchor. As he looked, he suddenly became aware that all the little boats were moving in one direction. In an instant, to his intense surprise, they all disappeared. He ran higher up the hill, where he commanded a better view, and looked out to sea:

"Instantly a great glare of fire right in the midst of water caught my eyes, and all the way across the bay and the strait, and in a straight line of flame to the very Island of Krakatoa itself, the bottom of the sea seemed to have cracked open so that the subterranean fires were belching forth. On either side of this wall of flames, down into this subaqueous chasm, the waters of the strait were pouring with a tremendous hissing sound, which seemed at every moment as if the flames would be extinguished; but they were not. There were twin cataracts, and between the two cataracts rose a great crackling wall of fire hemmed in by clouds of steam of the same cottony appearance which I have spoken of before. It was in this abyss that the fishing boats were disappearing even as I looked, whirling down the hissing precipice, the roar of which was already calling out excited crowds in the city of Anjer at my feet."

THE DEATH CRY OF SIXTY THOUSAND SOULS.

While he was looking, an immense and deafening explosion, louder than ever heard at Krakatoa, partially stunned him. It was a moment or two before he could realize the fact

that the whole world had been plunged into darkness:

"Darkness had instantly shrouded the world. Through this darkness, which was punctuated by distant cries and groans, the falling of heavy bodies, and the creaking disruption of masses of brick and timber, most of all the roaring and crashing of breakers on the ocean, were audible. The city of Anjer, with all its sixty thousand people in and about it, had been blotted out, and if any living being save myself remained, I did not find it out then. One of those deafening explosions followed another, as some new submerged area was suddenly heaved up by the volcanic fire below, and the sea admitted to the hollow depths where that fire had raged in vain for centuries."

The awful surge of the ocean as it rushed landward frightened him, and he ran up the mountain side.

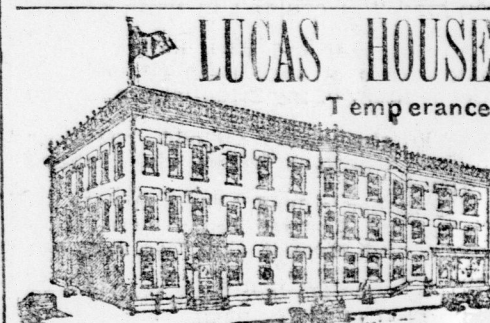
### FLEEING FOR LIFE.

For hours and hours he fled upwards along the road in the darkness. At last he saw a house standing on the roadside. He rushed in, thinking to find relief from the intense heat, but through the tiles of the floor little blue flames were flickering, and the house itself seemed like a furnace. Under the floor he saw the body of a woman in native garments. At last, at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, he reached the city of Serang, where he was the first to bring the news. He was supposed to be a lunatic for two days. At last he was soothed by drugs into sleep, and soon afterwards recovered. When he returned he found that every life and bit of vegetation had been consumed, and every living creature blasted and burnt up. Six hundred miles away it was necessary to burn lamps all day. The city of Anjer lay 100 feet under water. Mr. Van Gestel says that he thinks it is a very moderate estimate that two hundred thousand persons lost their lives in Java and Sumatra. The north-west coast of Java was covered six and seven feet deep with ashes. A year later an immense lump of pumice-stone, undoubtedly cast up by this explosion, was found floating in the Mediterranean covered with barnacles. Pulverised pumice and ashes are known to have been carried many thousands of miles, and to have been held in suspension in the atmosphere for years.



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